THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, November 13, 1802. [No. 6.

STORY OF JAQUETTE.

RELATED BY SIR JOHN AMINGTON.

(From the Fair Syrian.)

[Concluded from page 34.]

I WANTED every thing—even hope—and envied my more fortunate comrades the quiet possession of a few feet of earth, even whilst crows and vultures were tearing them from it. Whilst thousands are thus miserable, the master, whose restless ambition—but what have I, a reptile, to do, to murmur at Kings. Are they not as Gods unto us?

"After the battle of Leipsic, so fruitful in destruction, wearied out still more with the evils I saw, than with those I felt, I ran away, and hid myself a year amongst the iron mines. Afterwards I rambled over Poland, Livonia, and Muscovy, laboring when I could obtain work, starving upon charity when I could not, but always thinking of my Jaquette, my little daughter, the Count Valerieux, and my misfortunes.

"A war was talked of between the Russians and Turks; and it being understood that I had been a French soldier, I was partly solicited, partly forced into the Russian service. My post was equivalent to that of a corporal, and whilst the war was only talked of which was some years, my condition was not quite deplorable.

"At length we marched, and all the horrors of war were perfectly alive in my remembrance. It is said that heroism will make men endure willingly the greatest fatigues. It may be so—I never felt its power—nor the common soldier of the Russian herd neither. Their animating principle is stupidity, and they do wonders with it. It is a seven fold shield on the day of defeat, and on the day of victory, an impenetrable bulwark against the feelings of humanity. Alas! I could not get rid of mine, and my soul sunk within me.

"From this oppression of spirit, the greatest of human evils, the second year of the war delivered me. I had the good luck to be taken prisoner by the Turks, and soon after sold for a slave in the public market of Necopolis in Bulgaria.—This was indeed a new evil, and of a nature most mortifying, but I had undergone an excellent preparation. In spite of the pride of manhood to see itself degraded to a horse, I soon found my condition much mended. I had more food, and more ease and tranquility. I was several times bought, however, only to be sold again; at length I found a master in Adrianople, and he was a good man. I shall scarce gain credit for this with my countrymen—for how can a man be good who is not a christian? It is true the Turkish religion is false, the more is the pity. They ought to be objects of compassion, not of hatred. It is true also they have four wives, whilst a christian can have but one; and concubines, forbidden fruit to us, as many as they can keep. In other respects, their morality is as pure as ours, and, for any thing I can perceive, they adhere to it as well.

"I think, good Sir, I make my story too long; I must weary you; and the evening draws on apace; I have three miles to walk to a mill; and I am impatient to see my daughter, who I hear is married to the owner of it, and who is now the only hope of my old age."

It happened that this mill lay but little out of my way, and I grew so interested in the old man's fortune, that we agreed to go on together, and he continued his story thus:—

"My master, as I said before, was kind to me, and I felt but little of the peculiar evils of slavery. Unfortunately he was a public man. I knew very little of the Turkish government, but it seems, as much as possible, to do all its acts in the dark. One night my master was seized in his bed, and carried, as we believed to Constantinople. In a fortnight his effects were sold, of which, women and men slaves make always a considerable part. I made my appearance again in the markets, and after a few changes, I

became the purchase of a rich merchant of Constantinople. As to my old master. I never heard a syllable more about him.

"My new master was a native of Georgia, and professed Mahommedanism, but I don't think he was sincere in it. In the first place we had not that strictness of prayer, and ablutions, which is to be found in the houses of most Turks. Secondly, he had but one wife, and never purchased a female slave for beauty. It would have been difficult indeed to have found one, with half his wife's beauty, accomplishment, and goodness. I am sure she was a christian at heart, though she said nothing of it. At their country-house, three miles from Constantinople, they lived exactly as christians do. There was no haram here, nor separation of men from women; but when their houshold was in the city, it was different.—This was the family in which, had it been possible, I should have forgot my country, and my misfortunes.—From the highest to the lowest we all loved one another. All my master's offspring was two daughters, now drawing towards womanhood, and lovely creatures both in mind and body. It was impossible such parents, should not dote upon such children.

"The son of the Aga of the Janissaries wanted to marry the eldest. He had a fine house at no great distance from my master's, and having travelled in the west of Europe, and seen the French taste in gardening, was desirous to imitate it, and particularly the waterworks.—In pursuance of this inclination, he had made a large pond, by damming up a rivulet which ran into the Propontis near the corner of my master's garden. There are no tides in this sea; but its height notwithstanding fluctuates a few feet according to the winds that blow.—When at the highest, it forms a small bay, where it receives this rivulet, west of my master's country house, whose south aspect looks full upon the Propontis. When at lowest, this bay is left dry, except the bed of the rivulet; and the sands abound in shells, which our young ladies were fond of gathering to make the shell-work of grottos.

"One fine afternoon I was at work in the flower garden; my mistress and the young ladies came and assisted me in tying them up; and talked a great deal to me in French, for they read a great deal of French, and asked me much of my family, and talked very kindly to me.—I blessed them when they left me, and wondered how women could be so good. Then I wondered it had not pleased God to make all women good; for you know, Sir, he might, if he pleased, with a stroke of his will—and then men would be good of course, and the world would be happy—and my little Jaquette and her mother—alas, Sir, that was her father's house—there she was born—from thence I took her blushing to the church, where she vowed to be true; and who would not have believed such virgin innocence? Good heaven! how often, and how fondly, have we walked along this very path.

"I am ashamed, Sir, I am ashamed," continued the old man, after a burst of sighs and sobs."

'You need not indeed; why should you be ashamed of memory and feeling? why should you be ashamed of being a man?'

"Ah! Sir, but let me go back to my good mistresses. The young ladies, the day being dry, were gone down to gather shells; the mother stayed on an eminence in the garden. I heard her shriek, and turning, saw her fall upon the ground. I flew to relieve her. The moment I reached the eminence, what an object presented itself!—The young ladies rolling down a rapid stream, and within an hundred yards of the Propontis! Merciful heaven!—I cannot tell you my thoughts at the time, for I don't remember that I had any. My mistress lay at my feet in a swoon—that was nothing. I made but few steps down into the bay, and running with my whole speed, threw myself into the water a little nearer the sea than the ladies had yet reached. Poor girls! they had caught hold of each other, and their cloaths had yet buoyed them up. They were still sensible, and I disposed each to hold by a part of my garment, whilst I endeavored to swim obliquely downwards to the bank. I soon found that with these impediments I could not advance a yard. I struggled till my strength was nearly gone, then yielding to fate, we rushed into the Propontis together. There was now but one possible hope of safety, that of supporting them above water till we might be seen and relieved by a boat or a bark, which, so near the city, was no improbable circumstance. The poor girls, however, hung heavy upon me, I could not have supported them long, when I heard my master's encouraging voice, and saw streamers waving in the air, as if designed for signals. By the blessing of God, they produced the desired effect. We were taken up by a fishing boat within a few minutes of the end of our existence.

"The Aga's son was amongst those who received us upon our landing, an impious man, who uttered imprecations against Mahomet, and blasphemed Allah, because it was the breaking of his new raised mound that occasioned this sad affair.

"Indeed it had a terrible consequence. My poor mistress had been carried home delirious, and never recovered her senses till within two days of her death; and the parting scene betwixt her and my master, and the young ladies, would have melted a heart of stone. I was present at it; for I was now highly considered in the family—and I think it hurt me more than all I had suffered in so many years of calamity—for when we suffer in the sufferings of those we dearly love, you know, Sir, the pangs are keener than when we feel but for ourselves.

"My mistress's obsequies being performed, and my master and the ladies having reasoned and wept themselves into some small tranquillity, they came all together to me into the garden, where I was doing some little matters with a spade. My master took it from me. 'My friend,' said he, 'no more labor. It is owing, under God, to you, that I am not destroyed in all my hopes, and utterly desolate and forlorn. You are free from this hour. But it would be little to give you freedom, did I not give you the means of supporting it with comfort. You are now growing into years, and age requires repose. As to my part, I have already made some secret sales, and am preparing to spend the rest of my days in Georgia, my native country. Every man loves his native country, even though it has used him unkindly. This it is that hinders me from offering you an establishment in my family for life. We should be happy to have you with us, but I urge it not. Chuse your own condition. Only leave us not till we have left this now

hateful country. Then we will assign you two thousand sequins for the comfort of your age, and may Heaven prosper your wish."

"I kissed his hand respectfully, and wept upon it; for how should I be able to speak? The dear young ladies took me about the neck and kissed me, as if I were their father, and that tender moment almost determined me to live and die in the family.

"But then, Sir, it came into my head that I was myself a father, and how transporting would be the dutiful embraces of a child of my own, lovely and good, perhaps, like the ladies who stood before me. My heart pants with expectation—for see, Sir, the mill where my daughter lives is before us; it is a mill for grinding the stronger kind of edge tools; and the person who occupies it a young man of good character, but no great means, has married my daughter. This I learnt yesterday, and also that Dr. Maret is dead. Oh, Sir, I feel as it approaches how terrible is the trial. If she proves unworthy, old as I am, I will yet go back to Georgia, and lay my bones in the tomb of my master. And, what, I wonder is become of my once dear Jaquette? Alas, I have not dared to enquire.—Sir, you have had the patience to hear my tedious story, have the goodness to see the event of it. A few minutes will probably determine what portion of happiness the small remainder of my life is destined to experience. I tremble with hope and fear."

A man sat upon a stone at the door of the mill, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. Another beside him, seemed to have been crying. I enquired if any thing was the matter.

"Not half an hour since, Sir, our largest stone split into a thousand pieces, one of them struck my master, and killed him on the spot; and I think it will be the death of my mistress too; and then God help the poor children. There is sad work in the parlor; I can't bear to see it."

Inattentive to ceremony, I sprung forward to the parlor, and the old man followed panting. The dead body, dressed as it was, lay on the floor in the middle of the room. In one corner, sat a young woman, whose sorrow was turbulent and loud, and broke forth in shrieks and lamentations.—In another, an elderly woman with two female children upon her lap, one of whom clung affrighted round her neck, the other had buried its little face in her bosom. But the most interesting object, one excepted, my eyes ever beheld, was another woman about thirty, sitting on a chair not a yard distant from the corpse, from which indeed they had lately raised her. Her eyes were fixed immoveably upon the face of the deceased. She shed no tears; she uttered no complaints; her hands hung torpid by her side; she did not seem to breathe; nor scarce to live. There was something so moving, so sacred in her grief, that, though there were women in the room, not one regarded any object but herself, not one dared to disturb her. At length the old man, unable to bear his feelings longer, cried out, "It is my daughter, the very image of her mother! My Jaquette," says he, taking one hand, "look upon me; I am your father." A heavy sigh broke from her, but she did not alter her position.—"What! will you not look upon me Jaquette, upon your poor old father that has been miserable thirty years?" "Father!" says she, faintly, just glancing her eye, and returning it.

"Yes, Jaquette, I am your true father; come to comfort you, and be comforted by you; to live with you, and to die with you, my Jaquette."

"Father!" says she, looking at him.

"Yes, my Jaquette, your father, that has been a wanderer thirty years, and a slave among Turks."

"Oh dear, how hard that was; and this is hard too," looking at her husband, "is it not?"

"Yes, very hard, my dear Jaquette; but God is good; he has sent me to be a comfort to you, and a help to your children."

"My children, my poor children! where are they?"

The woman brought them. She made an effort to take the youngest in her arms, but was too weak. The old man took it in his, and kissed it. The mother smiled—but it was the smile of insensibility, and was the last that ever beamed upon her countenance. Her frame was overpowered, and a convulsion fit ended her life in a few minutes.

I will no longer torture your gentle heart with the *minutiæ* of this sad scene. I cannot forget it; and I can fix upon no circumstances that I can remember without horror. What a moment had fate chosen for its work!—Poor old man! he would certainly have sunk under this fatal stroke, had not I incessantly placed before his eyes the necessity of living for the children's sake. He is now become more tranquil; has settled in a small house in the same village; and taken into the house the old woman, (aunt to the deceased husband) because of her known affection to the children, and of their's to her. The mill is still worked in their name, and for their profit. I have negociated his draft of 2000 sequins, and placed it safely out; and by paying a few debts left by the late proprietor, I flatter myself I have smoothed the path of life for the little ones, and given the old man all the comfort he is able to receive.

ON SDIP-SLOP CORRESPONDENTS.

No people are more diverting than those who mistake the meaning of words, and, my endeavoring to talk out of the vulgar tongue, make use of expressions that are at variance with their thoughts. The fair sex are very apt to fall into errors of this kind. Sylvia writes to us, that she is a *dissolute** widow: Amelia wonders how Stella could throw herself away on a *subterraneous*† officer; and Delia thinks Flavia would be a fine woman, if she had not such a *promontory*.‡

* Meaning *desolate*.
† *Subaltern*.
‡ *Prominence*, we presume.

FRENCH ADDRESS.

A French gentleman once travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man who was walking along the road, and who begged the favor of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. "With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—"Monsieur," answered the man, with great naiveté, "*je serai dedans*—I shall be in it."

From the Massachusetts Spy.

IF true happiness is to be found in this world, it is when we are engaged in an interesting conversation with those we esteem most, and when that conversation is such as will have a tendency to improve and adorn the mind. Perhaps there is nothing more attractive to a person of taste than the discovery of superior mental abilities, where they were little expected to be found. It is impossible to discover the real merit of persons by seeing and conversing with them in a variety of company. It is discovered only in those hours of leisure and retirement, when every disguise is laid aside; we then open our hearts to our friends and delight in the gradual display of their mental excellence. A well cultivated mind does not display all its perfections at one view; it requires long and intimate acquaintance to obtain a true knowledge of them. When a person discovers all he knows in one conversation, we can find but little satisfaction in his company afterwards, and he will consequently decline in our esteem. If nothing more than a repetition of former ideas call for our attention, the conversation will immediately become languid and insipid, and our regret at the disappointment of the hopes we formed at the first conversation visibly increase. But when we find those who are capable of giving us new entertainment at every interview, we are solicitous to give them frequent opportunities to unfold their sentiments; our satisfaction increases with our acquaintance, and we anticipate a continuance with real pleasure. The hours will glide unnoticed while we converse with those whose tastes and sentiments are congenial with our own, and the moment of separation produces the heart-felt sigh of regret. We count the tedious hours of absence, and fondly anticipate a renewal of the pleasing intercourse.

There are few, comparatively speaking, who can for one hour, support a conversation without injuring the characters of the absent; this must proceed from an habitual aversion to reading and reflection. We are sometimes necessitated to speak ill of the absent in our own defence, or when the cause of an injured friend calls for vindication; yet even on these occasions it will give a degree of pain to a feeling heart, though the person or persons spoken against, are the most depraved among mortals.

Indiscriminate praise, is as blamable as indiscriminate censure; but there is a certain class who are too fond of the latter to bestow praise where it is really due, and from an envious disposition refuse to pay the tribute of applause to real merit, but will endeavor by every art in their power, either gently to undermine a virtuous character by insinuating suspicions, winks, nods and whispers, communications under strict injunctions of secrecy which were never meant to be observed, or to crush it at once by the weight of a plausible barefaced falsehood. When they have succeeded in the ruin of a character, they fondly imagine their own will rise proportionably: But let such remember, that truth needs no disguise, and that either sooner or later, she will stand confest with all her heavenly charms, and delight in removing every prejudice that has been raised against oppressed innocence. In our intercourse with the generality of society, we cannot forbear making observations, and contrasting the virtuous with the vicious; and indeed we may reap considerable benefit from our remarks, provided we do not suffer our judgment to be prejudiced.

"*The proper study of mankind, is man.*"

But we ought not, while engaged in this study, to endeavor only to discover the failings of our fellow creatures, and to expatiate only on their imperfections and frailties; but be as willing to acknowledge their virtues as their vices; and while we point out the one as desestable, we ought to recommend the other to notice, as capable of affording by far the most pleasing reflections. Were mankind only studied with this view, a great, and satisfactory alteration I am persuaded, would immediately take place in common conversation and in society. We should then be sollcitous to improve and cultivate our own minds and those of others; and if the idea of rivalry still subsisted, it would not be, who should dress the richest, the most elegant, wear the most superfluous ornaments, or be most admired for beauty and other external accomplishments; but who should excel in virtue, knowledge, and the most necessary and elegant mental acquirements. We should not then hear *Almira* railing against *Narcissa* with all the powers of female oratory, merely because she happened to make the most splendid appearance at the last ball, and consequently engrossed more attention from the other sex than formerly; nor see *Clarinda* endeavoring by paint and cosmetics to render her face as beautiful as *Louisa's*, but convinced that the power of pleasing depended more on the mind than the face, it would be their study to render that beautiful and elegant. It must be truly disgusting to a man of sense and learning to hear the insipid nonsense which he is often compelled to listen to from many females, with an appearance of attention and pleasure, which is only an effort of politeness. He cannot feel interested in such idle tales, and will leave their society with the disagreeable reflection that a weak uncultivated mind too often accompanies an elegant form and pretty face. Some gentlemen, indeed, are pleased with females who have but little knowledge, as their conversation cannot be wise enough to reflect on the shallowness of their own understandings; such will join in the dearly beloved themes of frivolous chitchat, and recommend themselves to their fair admirers by their white gloves, silk stockings, and fashionable attire, and make the dear creatures believe that real merit consists in dress and show. But it cannot be that such persons are calculated to find enjoyment in old age; as that advances, their tempers will become acid and morose. They cannot have a fund of ideas calculated to afford complacency and delight in the long winter evening of life. If they have families of their own they will either embitter them with strife and contention, or embroil the neighborhood in mischief by tattling; too many instances of this kind daily present themselves to view to dispute the truth of the assertion. But those who in early youth have acquired useful ideas, and have improved their own minds, will, if they have families, find a constant source of satisfaction and delight in rendering their partner in life happy, and in forming the minds of their offspring. Engaged in the performance of conjugal and parental duties, and ever attentive to the calls of humanity, their lives must pass serenely sweet, unless they are called to encounter unavoidable misfortunes. And even then the sweet consciousness of having performed their duty to God, and to their fellow mortals, with a firm reliance on the sovereign disposer of all things, will suspend the sigh of sorrow, and forbid the tear to flow.

THE LAUGHTER GIRL.

CUSTOM OBSERVED AMONG THE DUTCH TOWARDS LYING-IN WOMEN.

MR. PELL, in his Tour through the Batavian Republic, notices the following custom with regard to lying-in women:—"I must not," says he, "omit to mention a practice, which, I believe, is peculiar to Holland. When a woman is brought to bed, a bulletin is daily fixed to her house for a fortnight, or longer if she continues so ill as to excite the solicitude of her friends, which contains a statement of the health of the mother and the child. This bulletin is fastened to a board ornamented with lace, according to the circumstances of the person lying-in, and serves to answer the enquiries of her friends, and to prevent any unnecessary noise being made near the door of the indisposed person. We saw at Leyden the most of these boards ornamented with lace, and there learned their meaning. When a person of consequence is dangerously ill, a bulletin of health is generally affixed to their house, to satisfy the numerous enquiries that are, or are supposed to be made after them: but, unless it is a child-bed case, the board to which the bulletin is pasted, is unornamented with lace.

ACCOUNT OF A FARCE ACTED BY ALL MANKIND.

THE world is a theatre: mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts; theologists and politicians govern the machines; and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and time draws the curtain. The title of the piece is, "If the world will be deceived, let it be so."—The opening of the farce begins with sighs and tears: the first act abounds with the chimerical projects of men: The frantic testify their applause with re-echoed bravoes, whilst the sagacious bring their catcalls into play to damn the performance. As going in, a sort of money is paid called *trouble*, and in exchange a ticket is given, subscribing *uneasiness*, in order to obtain a place. The variety of objects which appear for a short time divert the spectators; but the unravelling the plot and intrigues, well or ill concerted, force the risible muscles of the philosophers. We see giants who presently become pigmies, and dwarfs who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. There we see men exerting all their efforts in the pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are, nevertheless, circumvented in all their pursuits, and frustrated in all their endeavors; whilst here we observe a group of indolent, careless fellows, who attain the highest summit of mundane felicity. Such is the farce of this world, and he who would chuse to divert himself with it at his leisure, should take his place in some obscure corner, where he may unobserved be a spectator of the whole performance, and in safety laugh at it as it deserves.

Faults committed by physicians are mortal sins, since they cause death.

EXTRAORDINARY FLEXIBILITY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

JOSEPH CLARK, a well made man, and rather stout, exhibited in the most natural manner, every species of deformity and dislocation to which the human form is liable. He frequently diverted himself with the taylors, who came to measure him for cloaths, by changing his posture, and apparently his shape, when the cloaths were brought home. He could dislocate the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of his body, and resume their proper form, at his pleasure. He once presented himself, in this situation, as a patient, before Molins, a famous surgeon, who, shocked at his appearance, refused to attempt the cure. He often passed for a cripple with persons, who but a few minutes before had been conversing with him. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but alter his features and countenance. He could assume all the professional, characteristic, and singular faces which he had observed at the theatre, at the Quakers meeting, or any other place of public resort. He was by profession a posture master, and died about the commencement of the reign of King William.

ANECDOTES.

The Duke d'Orleans, and Duke de Lauzun, determined to try to what height of extreme folly the sagacity of their own countrymen would soar, and laid a considerable bet, that if a person was placed on the Pont Neuf, with a basket full of french crowns, he could not dispose of them to passengers at half their value, or even at any price. A man was accordingly stationed there: the people flocked to his basket: they examined his coins *cautiously*, and threw them back into the basket saying,—"*Ils sont tres bien fait ma foi, et ils sont tres jolies pieces des poches.*"—"Upon my soul they are very neatly executed, and very pretty pocket pieces." Strange as it may seem, there was only one person would purchase any, and he was a silversmith, and would have three for sixpence!

A gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl—He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out, Sir," says she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman. "She," said the girl, "is gone out too."—"My business is of consequence," returned he, "is your master's son at home?"—"No, Sir," returned the girl, "he is gone out."—"That's unlucky indeed," replied he, "but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by your fire."—Oh, Sir," said the girl, "*the fire is gone out too*" Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that "*he did not expect to be received so coolly.*"

A fellow walking down Snow Hill, London, on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman without his hat, panting and leaning on a post; and courteously asked him what was the matter. "Sir," said the old man, "an impudent rascal has just snatched my hat off and run away with it. I have run after him until I have lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go one step further." "What not a step!" says the fellow. "Not a single step," returned the other. "Why then, by Jupiter, I must have your wig," and snatching it off, was out of sight directly.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from Leghorn, dated September 8, 1802.

"I mentioned to you that two American vessels were captured by the Tripolines; it appears one only has as yet fallen into their hands, but I much fear others will share the same fate, as one American frigate only is off the port, which, even with the aid of the Swedish frigate, is very incompetent to an effectual blockade. The last accounts from Tripoli say that the American prisoners are treated with unusual lenity, not being obliged to labor, and being suffered to live in the houses of some of the European Consuls."

Accounts from St. Domingo.

Among the negroes taken and executed, were seen marks of the most undaunted courage, contempt of death, and aversion to their executioners. One gentleman tells us, that hearing of their undaunted behavior, he was induced to attend some of their executions; at one of them five fellows were ordered to be shot—on the way, they struck up a dance, sang and drank, as if they were going on a party of pleasure; when they came to the line that was drawn for them, they moved to it with a bold undaunted step, kneeled down, stretched their bodies and heads erect, and cried "Fire away, you murdering wretches." Another day, our informant went to see an old negro hung—when he came to the ground, he looked up, and said to the officer of the guards, "So captain, you have honored me with a new gibbet"—he asked for drink, which was given him by the executioner, who pouring it out too fast, the black jerked away his head, and said, "Damn you, don't choak me before my time." Previous to the fatal moment, he chatted to those around him with as much seeming *sang froid* as any of the spectators. When he was ordered, he mounted the ladder, said it would soon be over, leaned so as to shorten the length of the rope, and when he saw it was made fast, threw himself off the ladder, with as much seeming ease, as if he was diving into the river.

In August last, the blacks, after having lain by for some time, seeing nothing but death or slavery before them, and finding the fever had so thinned the ranks of the Europeans, that they would have a chance, if not of gaining their liberty, of gratifying their revenge, and die like men and not like dogs, once more flew to their arms; and it is now said, they have 30,000 of these bold undaunted fellows (who, probably, are determined to conquer or die) to contend with, most of whom the French must kill, transport or destroy, before they can obtain quiet possession of the Island.

Accounts by late vessels say, that after many actions of various consequences, the blacks had, about the beginning of October, drove the whole of the army, both horse and foot, that was encamped on the plain between Cape Francois and the hills, into the town; and had so far shewn their superiority; that Gen. Le Clerc had ordered all the inhabitants of the Cape to embody themselves to support the army, when called upon; and it is added, had not the small reinforcement of troops they received in September, arrived at that critical juncture, they must have fled to their shipping, or be cut off. In short, they were in the utmost want of both men and money to support them in their forlorn hope.

The accounts published in our last say, that the Cape is not the only place in danger; but in all probability, Port de Paix and Jeremie are ere this cut off. We may therefore expect all our accounts from that devoted island, for some time to come, will be interesting to humanity.

We are told, that in the action about the middle of September near the town, the French lost a general officer, and a great number of their whites, who were killed—and that a brigade of the blacks went over and joined their brethren.

True Amer.

TROUBLES IN SWITZERLAND.

Berne, Sept. 11.

The spirit of insurrection which has already separated from Helvetia, the Cantons of Glaris, Schwitz, Uri, Appenzel, and the country of the Grisons, spreads more and more. At Zurich, the former chiefs of the Cantons have deliberated in private assemblies, on the admission of the new Constitution, and have been able to prevent the picked troops of Lecan from entering their city.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 13, 1802.

COMMUNICATION.

It is only within a few evenings that we have had an opportunity of visiting our Theatre and observing the improvment which has taken place in the strength of the dramatic corps, since last season. The Tragedy of Douglas, as performed last Saturday evening, would have done honor to the first Theatre in Europe. It was the first time we had seen Mrs. Whitlock, and we saw her with delight; especially in the scene with Old Norval, in which she discovers that Douglas is her son. Perhaps the scene in which she makes known this discovery to Douglas is the greatest scene; but our feelings did not keep pace with Mrs. W's. acting, we will not attempt to point out the defect, but certainly something was wrong. Mr. Fennel's Glenalvon was masterly: from what we hear of this gentleman's performance this season, we promise ourselves much. The Old and Young Norval of Messrs. Hodgkinson and Cooper have been long duly appreciated. Whenever the Manager can bring the talents of these four excellent performers into action, at the same time, he may assure himself of success.

The "Fair Penitant" on Monday was not so attractive as we remember it to have been. This is another of those excellent plays which can be well performed on our stage. Mr. Hodgkinson's Horatio, is manly, spirited, feeling and accurate. Mr. Cooper, gave the "gallant gay Lothario," the daring successful libertine, in a style so exquisite, with a coloring so bold, yet with tints so nicely blended, that every spectator felt the truth of the picture while he admired its beauty. Calista, is one of Mrs. Whitlock's best characters, and she play'd it on this evening with admirable feeling and force.

Last evening, arrived in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, formerly of the Old American Company, two favorite performers, and who will be an acquisition to our company.

[OFFICIAL.]

His Catholic Majesty's consul general Chevalier de Fernuds, received a few days ago, official information from the governor of St. Augustine, that the ports in that province are closed against all neutral vessels—at the same time permitting the citizens of the United States to trade in Spanish bottoms agreeable to the royal order of the 9th June, 1793.

Loss of a Spanish Frigate.

On Monday, 2d inst. arrived at Boston, the ship Favorite, Capt. Pourland, 33 days from Madeira and Teneriffe. Oct. 24, lat. 36, 44, long. 67, 16, fell in with the Spanish frigate Juno, of 34 guns, Don Juan Ignacio Bustillos, commander, in great distress, making so much water, that the greatest exertions could barely keep her free. The Spanish Capt. requested Capt. Pourland to stay by him and assist in getting the frigate to the nearest American land, at the same time putting on board 3 officers and 4 marines, with provisions. Capt. Pourland accompanied the ship 3 days; on the fourth, in a very heavy gale from the N.W. he observed signals of greater distress and for abandoning the frigate, and run under her lee as near as possible. The unfortunate Spaniards waved their handkerchiefs, and seemed almost in despair; and the ship rolled as if nearly full of water. At 9 A.M. her main mast went over her side—and her foremast fell alternately from side to side. Every effort was made to afford her assistance, but in vain. A fog occasioned Captain Pourland to lose sight of her. In half an hour it cleared away, but the ship was no more to be seen. 413 persons, including several women and children, were on board. She was bound from Porto Rico to Cadiz, and had 100,000 dollars on board.

We are informed that, a Student of Medicine in the city of Philadelphia, who had some doubts respecting the contagious nature of the late prevailing fever, procured a portion of the matter, called *black vomit* and exhaled it in a small room without taking the disease. He then inoculated himself with some of the same matter in the arm, but without being infected by it. Finally, he swallowed a portion of it, but without its producing any inconvenience. He is now in good health, and perfectly satisfied that *the disease is not contagious.*

Tyler Am.

Extract of a letter from New Orleans, dated July 22, 1802.

"About three weeks ago, two vessels (a brig and a schooner) from this port loaded with flour, pork, &c. for the West-Indies, was captured off the Tartugas, by gen. Bowles's cruisers. In consequence of which the governor of this province issued orders to commodore Rausseaux, to cruise off the Appalachez. The commodore a few days since, fell in with and captured one of Bowles's vessels, said to be very richly laden, after a short engagement in which the commodore lost five men. The Spaniards have made the whole crew prisoners, being twenty five men, one of whom, a Mr. Delacy, was brought here in irons this morning, and after a short examination at the government house was committed to prison, and the other prisoners are on their way to this city, and it is generally believed that they will be treated as pirates.—Mr. Delacy observed, as borne off in a cart to prison, that *he thought it was very strange that Englishmen should be made prisoners in a time of general peace.*"

Louisville paper.

Melancholy Effects of Slavery.

On Friday morning, the 5th, about 8 o'clock, a melancholy instance of the effects of slavery was witnessed. A Negro man, belonging to a Frenchman in Trenton, was taken in charge by a constable to be delivered at New-Castle, where a vessel was ready to convey him, his wife and child (and probably many others) to St. Domingo. The constable, negroes, and a French gentleman who appeared to act as superintendant, arrived in town on Thursday morning about four o'clock, stopped at the house of Mr. P. Howell, innkeeper, in Second Street, and about 8 o'clock, when they were apparently ready to depart for Newcastle, the woman and child absconded; and the man, on being ordered into the carriage, turned about, walked a few steps, and with a pruning knife, which seemed prepared for the purpose, cut his throat in so shocking a manner, that he expired in a few minutes afterwards on the pavement. A Coroner's inquest was immediately held—and a verdict given, viz. "*Suicide, occasioned by the dread of Slavery.*" to which the deceased knew himself devoted. [*Poulson's Daily ad.*

Marriages.

On Wednesday morning, the 10th inst. at the Friends' Meeting House, JOHN WILLIS *to* PATTY WILLIS, *both of this city.*

At Boston, DANIEL BUTLER, *merchant of Northamton, to Miss* ELIZA SIMKINS, *of Boston.*

A Strange Union of Names.

A young man of the name of *Neck*, was married last week in Devonshire, to a young lady by the name of *Heels*.—A Wag observes, that this happy couple are tied *neck and heels.*

Deaths.

On Wednesday the 3d inst. in the 50th year of his age, Mr. James Tod.

On Thursday afternoon, the 4th inst. Mr. William Talbot.

Friday morning the 5th inst. in the 53d year of her age, Elizabeth Wilson.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 15, will be presented,
(never performed here)
A Drama, called,

PETER THE GREAT.

To which will be added,

The Romp,

OR, A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.

Election of Charter Officers.

The corporation, at their meeting on Wednesday last, appointed inspectors, and determined the places for holding the polls, at the ensuing election for charter officers, which is to take place on Tuesday the 16th instant.

1st ward,	Trinity Church,	John Slidell, jun.
2d	do. City Hall,	William Henderson.
3d	do. North Church,	John Titus.
4th	do. St. Paul's do.	George Gosman.
5th	do. Friend's Meeting,	Leonard Fisher.
6th	do. Bridewell,	Peter Earle.
7th	do. Bull's Head,	Henry Rutgers.

ODE TO POVERTY.

From the Port Folio.

THOU squalid, sharp-nos'd, lank-jaw'd, hawk-eyed creature!
What business hast thou squinting in my face?
I so detest thy look, thy ev'ry feature,
That I ne'er think of thee, without grimace.

Then why or wherefore dost thou come bewitching
Each thing I love? to water turn my grog,
And stealing, (so insidious!) to my kitchen,
Annihilate each article of prog?

The dollars, that once jingled in my pocket,
Now by thy curs'd art so scarce are grown,
That if thou hadst a wooden heart, 'twould shock it;
Nay, though thy heart were made of stone.

But not alone of this am I complaining;
Nature herself's so alter'd by thy power,
That fields and meadows, each gay tint disdaining,
No more to me display the gaudy flower.

Tho' late with rural charms each thought delighting,
The maids and milk-pails, now no more can please;
The billing turtle-doves to me seem fighting,
And gentle zephyr turn'd the boreal breeze.

The din around is louder than the city's,
The pigs and geese are worse than carts and drays;
The birds that chaunt on ev'ry spray their ditties
Are to my ears a flock of screeming jays.

Where Schuylkill winds along in soft meanders,
I see no pebbly beach, no crystal wave:
His swans to me look very much like ganders,
And nought but mud his sordid waters lave.

And worse than all the rest, my friends don't know me;
But hold their heads so high with haughty stare,
That there's not one of them whom thou canst show me
To whose identity I'd like to swear.

E'en Chloe, who erewhile so condescending,
Would sit upon my knee with smiles so meek,
Now frowning, says, "in truth you need much mending,"
And scarce will suffer me to touch her cheek.

Old Noll, who always was the true quintessence
Of honest fellows—sprightly, gay, and clever,
When I approach the bar-room, shuns my presence,
As if he thought I had the yellow fever.

His nose was comely once, and finely florid,
His cheeks possess'd of health the roseate hue
With pimples cover'd now, his nose is horrid,
And, to my eyes at least, his cheeks are blue.

Tim Staytape too, who rigg'd me out to coxen
The hearts of ladies fair, with witching looks,
By whose attraction, Dollars by the dozen,
Flew to my arms, like school-boys to their books.

E'en Tim himself is chang'd! no more he capers
For me to cut the cloth, or wield the sheers;
No more that certain cure for spleen or vapors,
The splendid coat or vest his bosom cheers.

I cannot say how ugly I think Tim is;
I hate him as I do the doctor's pill!
His aspect, that was once so smiling, grim is!
His face grows even longer than his bill!

But as I'm sick of thee, and don't love railing,
And would not call thee an indecent name,
(I never was accused of that failing)
I will not say a word more in thy blame.

Yet, would it not vex even Job's meek nature?
And I, thou knowst, possess not half his grace:
Then what, thou sharp-nos'd, lank-jaw'd, hawk-eyed creature!
What business hast thou squinting in my face?

DE LEGE.

A LAWYER, once, (I now forget his name,
Boston, no doubt, has many like the same,
Could not, or would not, SIGN his office door—
Pretending *Court-Street* had not room for more!
And, PRUDENTLY, this money-leak to stop,
On moderate terms took half a Turner's shop;
Where, *most expressively for both*, appear,
"All kinds of turn'd and twisted work done here."

LINES,

Sent from a Boy of Seven Years of age to a Young Lady, with a Nosegay.

MY lovely Annette,
Accept this bouquet*....
I cannot send riches or pelf:
Seven years but disclose
Youth's fresh op'ning rose:
But, when twenty, I'll give you....myself.

* From a boy of seven years old, we may excuse this false pronunciation of a French word.

Henry IV. of France used to say of the fortune tellers that often predicted his death, *These fellows will most certainly be right one day or another, and whenever it happens, they'll take themselves for conjurors.*

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